

^liSTsX] [THE SOUL OF MAN.] *NOSCE
TEIPSUM!* 153

Right so, the Soul, which is a Lady free,
And doth the justice of her State
maintain ; Because the Senses,
ready servants be, Attending nigh
about her Court, the Brain ;

By them, the forms of outward things
She learns, For they return unto the
Fantasy,, Whatever each of them
abroad discerns ; And there enrol it
for the Mind to see.

But when She sits to judge the good
and ill, And to discern betwixt the
false and true; She is not guided by
the Senses' skill, But doth each
thing in her own mirror view.

Then She the Senses checks! which oft
do err, And even against their false
reports, decrees / And oft She doth
condemn, what they prefer! For with
a power above the Sense, She sees:

Therefore, no Sense, the precious joys
conceives, Which in her private
contemplations be ;
For then, the ravished Spirit, the
Senses leaves, Hath her own powers,
and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweet and full of skill,
When on the Body's instrument She
plays! But the proportions of the Wit
and Will, Those sweet accords are even
the angels' lays!

These tunes of Reason are AMPHION'S lyre,
Wherewith he did the Theban city found !
These are the notes, wherewith the
heavenly Quire, The praise of Him, which
spreads the heaven, doth sound

Then her self-being nature shines in this,
That She performs her noblest
works alone! " The work, the
touchstone of the nature is! " And
"by their operations, things are
known !"